Wondering what was up, we hurried on into camp. An exclamation of surprise escaped rom the foremost man in the party; for right beside the wagon lay the mangled carcasses of the two dogs. Lighting a sliver of pitch pine, we soon unravelled the mystery. "A grizzly, by thusder!" says I, and plain

enough it was, too. The Englishman, who had brought the two fine bear dogs from India. tipped out an cath, and swore he would kill wery grizzly in the Big Horn Mountains. Both logs were mangled almost out of recognition. Evidently they had been struck down by the bear's powerful paw while tied to the wagon wheel and powerless to get out of the way, after which they had been bitten and clawed almost to shreds.

what had become of Sagebrush? We relied and fired guns, but could get no response, At length one of the Englishmen found a back number of THE SUN. a bundle of which we had taken with us into the mountains, inned to the wagon cover, and on it Sagebrush har that kilt the dogs." That was all there was there was nothing to indicate which way he had gone or anything more about it.

The moon would be rising about 10 o'clock. and as nothing could be done till then we took smile of old Bourbon apiece, and turned our sttention to cooking bear steaks.

At moonrise we shouldered our Winchesters and struck out. No trail was visible on the hard surface of the mountain path, so we divided up and made tracks in different direc tions. My companion was the Anglo-Indian officer, the owner of the dogs.

We tramped on and on for about three miles stopping every now and then to shout and fire n. Finally we heard a distant yell in reply. Hurrying along in the direction of the nizing Sagebrush's voice.

as we got near enough to understand As soon as we got near enough to understand what he was saying we moved forward with extreme caution. Shouting at the top of his voice, he told us that he was treed by a whole herd of grizzlies, and had parted company with his Winchester. "Be mighty carefull" he shouted. "They're getting all worked up over hearing you yell and fire. Crawl up as near as you safely can, and then take to the trees with your guns."

you safely can, and then take to the trees with your guns."

The timber thereabout was not over thick, and we dodged from tree to tree as noiselessly as possible gradually creeping up in the direction of Sagebrush's voice. We had moved up to within about 150 yards of his tree when he yelled out that several of the grizzlies were moving off in our direction.

I was just boosting the Englishman up into the nearest tree, when the foremost bear came sourrying through a patch of moonshine among the shadowy pines, not more than thirty paces away. There was a likely looking tree about twenty yards further back, and to the best of my recollection I reached that tree in about three jumps. I could hear the pine needles crackle as the big grizzly came charging after me, and the crackling seemed mighty close to my own heels.

not yet reached a secure roosting place, and as the big fellow reared up and whooned and thrust his paw to within a couple of yards of where my feet were resting on a trifling snag. I don't mind owning up to feeling a bit queer, warled as my experience had been with bears. Tucking myself up a yard or two higher. I sot satisfied of a big, strong branch and turned around to take in the situation. By this time four bears had arrived on the scere, and Sagebrush was calling out to inquire if we were both safe. After replying that we were all right. I turned my attention to the Englishman.

Fortunately for him, the space between his tree and mine was quite clear. In the hurry to get him up off the ground, he had sprung to the hearest tree after Sagebrush called out, and it turned out to be the poorest kind of a retreat. After the first six feet from the ground numerous snags made it easy enough to scale; but a very few feet higher up and it ended in such a bushy mass of little branches that it was imposable for him to climb well out of danger. No more uncomfortable position could be very well imagined than the one he found himself in when arrested by the scrubby branches, flad we been dealing with an attacking party of brown bears or silver tips he would have been nabbed in less than a minute after the bears reached the foot of his tree. Fortunately for him, grizzlies have little or no notion of slimbing trees. As it was however, when the biggest of them stretched up after him the margin of safety between his feet and the grizzlys agger claws might have been measured by inches.

The moon was about half waned, and wasn't be moon was about half waned, and wasn't be a stretched up after him the margin of safety between his feet and the grizzlys agger claws might have been measured by inches.

The moon was about half waned, and wasn't bright enough for me to see exactly how things were with him; but all of a sudden he sang out. For God's sake, Hank, use your Winchester i you can. I'm in a devil of a trap; they're sum but the same of th

bright enough for me to see exactly how things with him; but all of a sudden he sang out. You with him; but all of a sudden he sang out. You can. I'm in a devil of a trap; they're elimbig the tree!"

Our eanough one determined old cuss was making a clumsy attempt to hosts himself up by clinging to the snags above. He was grunting bortiby, in eager anticipation of roaching his tettim, who was all but within his grasp. The soise he was making seemed to inspire the coles how was making seemed to inspire the coles with the belief that their prey was about to be selzed, and they were all crowding about the Eaglishman's tree, reaching up and whings awarely and licking their chops. I shuddered at the prospect of his fate should they be able to reach and drag him down, or should be loose his nerve.

Drawing a bead on the varmint that was trying to climb the troe, my Winchester barked. The light was uncertain, but the distance was abort, and I was mightly relieved to see him topple over and take to flopping and thrashing awand on the ground. In his fury at the sharp twings of the bullet, he tackled one of the other bears, and for a minute or two we witnessed a serimmage that was away ahead of any circus ice a real live show. For the time being the other three bears seemed to forzet us; they shalled and otherwise betrayed great excitement. It isn't very often that bears get to dathing among themselves; they are generally a peaceful and playful as so many kittens. Went is stagonist lought and roiled and roared and licked up such a racket that Sagebrush shouteness of the condict.

I great shall may be a the wounded grizzly and his elagonist lought and roiled and roared and licked up such a racket that Sagebrush shouteness of the condict.

See and came lumbering over to the seens of the condict.

See and two other bears deserted their vigil under his red and came lumbering over to the seens of the condict.

See and two other bears deserted their vigil under his red and came lumbering over to the seens of the condict.

See a

among the others. in of battling bears, the fighting cuffthe and foaring was making the time that and yet another one came hurryross from Sagebrush's direction. Wo 
wlooking down upon a herd of seven 
the blegest bunch I ever saw toupia the mountains, although I have 
less begger parties down along the 
in the berrying season. The beauty of 
the beauty of

Caribou and Moose in Maine, Queer
Things in Connecticut.

Mr. Chimpanzee Growley and His
Jennie at Home in Winter.

Seven Grizulies Tree Three Mea-Repenting
Rises Keep the Bears at Hay-The Bears
Fall to Fighting-A Battle in the Meenlight, and the Each at the Camban in the Days And the Sacrama that the Sheet and the Sheet Teach Camban and the Sheet Sheet Sheet Camban and the Sheet Shee

badly hit. We stayed up in the tree till broad daylight,

badly hit.

We stayed up in the tree till broad daylight, not thinking it prudent to trust ourselves on the ground before, with three dangerously wounded grizzlies roaming around the immediate neighborhood, besides the possibility of possuming among those stretched out below. We had given them such a trouncing that if one of the survivors had ever got his paw on one of us he would have made it interesting.

On the way home Sagebrush told us his part of the story. There wasn't much to it. He had strolled away from camp for an hour to try and round up a black-tailed deer for supper. He came back just in time to see a big grizzly making tracks from the wagon with a flitch of breakfast bacon. Sagebrush fired at it, but at 300 yards, and didn't know whether he hit it or not. Anyhow the bear dropped the bacon and bolted. Reaching the wagon, he found the poor does dead and mangled, just as we found them. Sagebrush, of course, gave chase to the culprit, following its trail to the place where we found him. Here he stumbled unexpectedly upon a small herd of grizzlies, relatives, probably, of the one he was after. Without wasting any time on preliminaries they took after him and chased him up the tree. In shinning up the tree he dropped his Winchester, and was therefore helpless. When we found him he had been treed about eight hours.

KILLING A MOTHER BEAR. It was Mighty Lucky for the Man that She Couldn't Get at Him.

In spite of the stories often told of flerce encounters with bears at all seasons of the year, the guides on the western side of the Adirondacks have demonstrated to their own satisfaction that there is but one season of the year when a bear will attack a man, and that is during the time between the latter part of January and the middle of April. Even then no danger is to be apprehended except from a mother bear. In open winters, like the present one, the bears can hardly be said to hibernate at all, for signs of their presence are seen by the woodsmen all the winter through. But be the weather mild or severe, by the 1st of January the mother bear seeks some sort of a den. Sometimes she digs the earth from beneath the roots of a tree standing on a hill side, and beds the cavity with leaves and moss, the amount of the bedding depending on the severity of the weather that is to follow. Dens have been found with not even a pawful of moss in them, and in such cases the weather that followed was remarkably mild. Old tree tops serve the purpose of dens also, and so do hollow logs and

natural caves. It was while going to a job of peeling hemlock bark above this hamlet that Mr. J. B. McIntosh had an adventure with a bear. He was plodding slowly along on his snowshoes. when he was startled by the most ferocious growling and snarling he had ever heard. He was unable to locate the sounds further than the general direction, and started at once to investigate. It required a deal of nerve to do this under the circumstances, but after workclose to my own heels.
I salaned up that tree so quick that I made the bark fiv. Quick as I was, however. I wasn't as moment too lively, for the bear was underneath the tree, looking up with that longing expression peculiar to a grizzly when he has treed anything, and particularly a man. I had not yet reached a secure roosting place, and as the big fellow rearred up and whooped and a mother the circumstances, but after working that under the circumstances, but after working the under the circumstances, but after working the under the circumstances, but after working the update of the was all in the butt of a big hollow maple tree. The tree was considerably over three feet in diameter, and had very widespreading roots, and in the shelter formed under the feet working the burner of the particular tree working the burner of the burner of the particular tree working the burner of the burner of the feet working the burner of the bu a buttled cot on the bear search and the cot of the bear during warm days and frozen by the cold at night, until the hole was almost closed by a thick wall of fee. A triangular opening, six or eight, inches on a side, was almost closed by a thick wall of fee. A triangular opening, six or eight, inches on a side, was almost closed by a thick wall of fee. A triangular opening, six or eight, inches on a side, was all that remained unsealed by the lee. It was through this opening that the old bear had smelled the approaching enemy, for she was down wind from him, and she was now at work, tooth and claw, in a frantic endeavor to enlarge the hole so that she could get at him. It inches had the season was all that remained the season was the season was the season was the season was she gained additional leverage on what remained. He is a modest backwoodsman, and says he didn't realize how great the danger was; all he was thinking about was that he now had a chance to gratify his curiosity about newly born bear cubs. He had always been anxious to see them. Ho was sure there were cubs within on account of the old bear's ferocity. All the time he was thinking of this he had been tramping along toward the tree. And deen tramping along toward the tree, and deen tramping along toward the tree. And deen tramping along toward the tree, and deen tramping along toward the word and then she would draw it back with a how and strive to claw down the barrier, and then bite away again until her lips and gums were cut in a dozon places. Plainly there was no time to be lost; the man must either kill the old bear or go away from there rapidly enough to reach home before she could overtake him, for if she once got out she would never stone and the saw and attribute the same and the

her, and they were about like those found by Mointosh.

After a big crop of beech nuts, such as was found last fall, the he bears are to be found wandering about the woods all winter. One bear, according to Bill Pardy, the North Wood bear hunter, will make perhaps half a dozen or more dens in the course of a season. These are nothing more than small heaps of leaves raked together under some log that lies across another or perhaps under the top of a tree that has been blown down by a storm, or likelier still under the roots of an up-turned tree. When the bear finds a blizzard impending, he makes a nest and goes to sleep until the blizzard is past; then he comes out and begins to paw up the snow in search of beech nuts, moles, mice and grubs. He may sleep for a day or two or for a week or two, but the approach of moderate weather wakes him up. But he never goes near the mother bear at such times, and it is the belief of the guides hereabouts that if he did he would fare as badly as a man would in like circumstances, if the mother bear were able to get at him.

MARYELS OF MAINE WOODS. Caribon by the Hundred and a Moose Fight

by Moonlight. "The mightlest caribou hunter in Maine is Nat Moore of Somerset county." says Frank Fitzpatrick, a New Yorker who has fished and hunted all over Maine and a good part of New "Nat must be over 70, but he sticks to the woods like a deerhound. I have known him since 1860, and in that year he showed me the grandest sight that any mortal man ever gazed upon. It was one evening early in the summer, just between daylight and dark. We were camping on one of the lakes in Somerset county, trout fishing. Nat had gone to the pond for some purpose, and a

"'If you want to see something that you won't be likely to ever clap your eyes on again as long as you live," he said, with his eyes snapping with excitement, "sneak back to the

"I crept stealthily in his wake down through the thick timber to the edge of the woods. It was still light enough at the upper end of the lake, near which we were camped, and which was not in the shadow of the hill, for us to see plainly for a quarter of a mile along the margin of the water. Nat cautiously parted the dense growth of young water birches that fringed the dge of the lake on that side.

'Look yonder,' said he. "I looked, and my heart almost jumped out of my mouth at the sight. All along the upper shore of the lake, standing belly deep among the lily pods, in various attitudes of grace and stateliness, the pond was alive with caribou. Magnificently antiered bulls stamped and snorted and tossed their kingly heads among meek-faced cows, while in and out among them sported a small drove of velvet-coated calves. We counted fifty-seven bulls and cows and almost every cow had a proprietary interest in at least one calf.

We watched this remarkable congregation of caribou for several minutes in silence. The sight was too much for speech. At last Nat whispered to me: "'We'll draw on 'em just once, anyhow, and

see how many we can drop.'
"We selected two of the biggest bulls in the drove and fired. A terrific chorus of snorts followed the reports of the guns. There was a sound of water in great commotion for moment, and the next instant the woods were filled with the crashing of the flying herd through the thick brush. Nat and I sent the contents of our remaining barrels after the drove as they rushed in a confused and thickly bunched mass from the water. In less time almost than it takes to tell all was as quiet as if nothing had occurred to disturb the solitude of the great wilderness. In the water, their huge bulks showing far above the mat of filly beds lay the dead bodies of the two old bulls we had selected as our first targets. On the edge of lay the dead bodies of the two old bulls we had so lected as our first targets. On the edge of the lake, one with its head in the water and its finanks stretched on the shore, and the other with his hind parts buried among the illies and his antiers lifted high on the land, lay two other bulls, the victims of the two chance shots that followed the herd in their flight.

"I've seen a good many caribou in my time,' said Nat, after we had dragged our trophies to the cabin. but the natural history of Maine never counted on me or anybody else ever getting in among such a congregation of 'em as that was.'

that was.' Years afterward Nat was at that same pond, "Years afterward Natwas at that same pond, when twenty-seven caribou came in among the illies. He shot one, and was surprised to see that, instead of the rest scampering away, they seemed to be panic-stricken, and only pranced and snorted and huddled together in the pond. It wasn't until Nat had shot seven out of the lot that the rest began to get their wits about them, and removed themselves without more ado out of the way of Nat's deadly aim.

without more ado out of the way of Nats deadly aim.

"This old hunter was the originator, as far as I can learn, of the queer but profitable method of hunting for caribou and moose, known as 'masquerading' for them. This is followed by many of the Maine hunters, but Moore is admitted to be the most expert masquerader of them all. The method is simple. When the snow is on the ground and the trees are white with it, the hunter simply wraps himself in a white sheet and seeks the places

where he knows his game is to be found. He stead and the arrivor and game, the other count being the stead and the arrivor and the stead of the direction of the sheet-covered hunter, the latter becomes as motionices as one of the dead, snow-covered stumpe around him, and resembles one of them himself. The disguise fools the caribou, and seeing no thing to excite its fear, it goes to browsing again. By stealthy and patient stages the masquerading hunter gets within easy range of the big deer, and if it gots a way from him then it's a lucky beast. When there is a lucky beast within the same way. He has more trouble in getting to the moose in that way, for that usly but wary animal has a nose better than any pointer of the fines breed, and he can smell a hunter just as well in a white sheet as well as he can one in a buckskin shirt, and he trusts his nose's warning whether his eyes have seen any danger or not. and away he goes at the faintest scent.

Nat Moore was the first hunter I ever saw call a bull moose within rifle range. Calling the moose is about the surest and easiest way that the stage of the s

was as of broad golden floods of light assailing the ragged boundaries of cimmerian gloom. At the second call from Nat's birch-bark horn an answer was heard in one direction, and at the third from the orposite direction was waited the rapity of another eager moose lover.

"Two of 'em!' said Nat. There'll be some fun in this opening when they meet."

"The two buils came on, approaching with strides that denoted their ardor. I shook like an aspen, and grow cold and faint under the strain on my nerves. At last one of the buils stopped. He was yet in the shadow of the woods, but not far from the opening. As he stopped a loud and angry snort, that contrasted strangely with the low beliews he had uttered before, came from his evidently elevated nostrils. The moose on the other side of the opening stopped almost at the same instant, and sent an angry and as loud a snort from his part of the woods.

""Abu "said Nat beneath his breath." They're the opening stopped almost at the same instant, and sent an angry and as loud a snort from his part of the woods.

"Ahal' said Natheneath his breath. 'They've scented one another. There won't be any need of my calling again. They'll soon be together right in front of us.

"And so they were. At the same moment the two huge brutes rushed out of the darkness into the moonlit opening. Their appearance was startling to me, but if they had kept me in suspense much longer I think I would have died. They hurled themselves against one another, and the shock made the very earth tremble. Then followed a combat such as I never hope to see again. Back and forth, now revealed in the full light of the moon, and now seen but dimly as first one and then the other would rush his combatant into the shadow of the woods, these infuriated rivals plunged and struggled in desperate conflict. Their furlous bellowings resounded among the hills, and there was solitude there no longer. For half an hour the great beasts fought, but victory for either seemed as far away as it was at the outset. Nat and I, crazed with excitement, came out from our concealment early in the fight and stood in the lightest part of the opening, in plain eight of the combatants, but our presence was unheeded by them. At last Nat said:

"They're getting tired. Neither one will quit until the other one is dead. We'll settle the fight.'

"He led the way back to the guns. Under his instructions I took aim at one battling moose and he covered the other. The type reports

instructions I took aim at one battling moose and he covered the other. The two reports sounded at once, and the two bulls dropped as one. Neither moose made an effort to get up. There was good reason for that. Both were dead as hammers."

THE REAR WAS INCOMESTTYPE He Had a Good Time for Six Months, but His Curlosity Was Death, MILLERSBURG, Pa., Jan. 11 .- The in-

quisitive bear of Mt. Patrick is dead. Ever since last July this bear had been a source of much excitement and uneasiness to the people at and in the region adjacent to Mt. Patrick. Mt. Patrick is a settlement in Perry county. just on the other side of the Susquehanna River from this village. The Pennsylvania Canal runs through it, and there is a lock there. There are rather wild and wooded mountains near Mt. Patrick, and Zearing Swamp, a large tract where various kinds of vegetation spread bout in dense, contorted, and complicated growth, is part of the outlying neighbor-Wild turkeys have lurked in the bood. mountains, and wildcats and foxes made free use of this swamp, as well as of the poultry yards of the vicinity, as long as the memory of man can reach back. But bear long years ago forsook the land, and bruin thereabout lived only in tradition. Consequently, when Lock Tender Shelly of Mt. Patrick, who was sitting in his little shanty at the lock one day in July last, saw the door darken, and, looking up. discovered a big black bear standing on the threshold, gazing calmly and inquiringly in upon him, he was not only surprised scared, and it was nothing to his discredit that he yelled and howled for help. The noise made by Shelly not only alarmed the settlement, but frightened the bear. Bruin backed hastily out of the door and shuffled away down along the canal.

A dozen citizens of Mt. Patrick were hastening toward Shelly's cabin at the time, and, discovering the bear, started in pursuit, although none of them was armed. When the bear heard the uproar behind him he stopped and looked back as if to find out the cause of it all. Not liking the looks of the approaching mob, he jumped in the canal, swam across to the towpath, and climbed out upon it. There he paused again and looked back inquisitively. By that time the bear's pursuers had gathered stones by the armful, and a shower of those missiles was projected against him. Satisfied ward him, bruin proceeded down the towpath at his best gait. The crowd crossed to the towpath by a bridge and continued the chase. For a quarter of a mile the bear shambled along the towpath with the yelling delegation from Mt. Patrick following him as closely as

its speed and carriage permitted.

As this altogether novel procession was making its way down the towpath, Bill Jorry's team of mules, with their boat in tow, were approaching Mt. Patrick from the opposite direction. It was feed time, and the mules' heads tion. It was feed time, and the mules' heads were buried to their eyes in their feed baskets as they wended their way placidly along. The bear soon hove in sight of the approaching mules. It didn't seem to mind the mules any.

bear soon hove in sight of the approaching muies. It didn't seem to mind the mules any, and kept right on. Presently the mules got seem of the bear. The mules did mind the bear. They lifted up their ears as high as they would lift, tossed the feed baskets nervously about, and began to rear and prance. The boy who had charge of the mules was walking, with reckless confidence, close at their heels. He hadn't seen the bear yet. The unusual spirits of his team, therefore, filled him with amazement, which quickly gave way to wrath, and he began talking to his mules in those gentle and plous tones characteristic of the director of canal mules.

While he was inquiring of his mules what in the name of the country of perpetual fire they were doing, and assuring them that if they didn't geet up he'd fall to and shatter their jackass heads for 'em, the mules ported their helms and brought themselves round so that their driver obtained a full and unobstracted view of the approaching bear. The driver released just one old-fashioned mule-boy yell from his lungs, and, jumping in the canal, pulled stiff and strong for the boat. While he was on his way the mules kept edging off nearer and nearer to the water, and at last tumbled over one another into the canal, where they floundered like harpooned whales. The bear thereupon turned off from the towpath and took to the woods. His pursuers stopped to help Bill Jerry rescue his mules and when that was accomplished the bear had disappeared and left no perceotible trail.

Toward evening of that day John Groton, who operates a lime kiln a mile or so below Mt. Patrick, stretched himself on the grass near bis kiln to rest. He turned his hat over his face to keep the flies off. He had lain there but a short time when he heard something sniffing near his face. Removing his hat he was confronted by a bear, which was bending over him, with its snout within six inches of his face. The bear stood there as if in curious examination of the lime burner. Groton's yell was heard by a man who lived

go, while Groton flew over the ground in the opposite direction. The bear was followed by others to Zearing Swamp, where it was again lost.

Two weeks later Mrs. Hannah Garby, who lives with her husband and children two miles on the other side of Zearing Swamp, was churning in her kitchen, when she heard a subdued snort. Looking around, she saw a bear with its head thrust through an open window and surveying the interior with an impudent but inquiring air. Mrs. Garby ran out and called her husband, which concerned the bear so little that he crawled through the window into the kitchen and coolly refreshed himself at a basin of milk that sat on a bench. Farmer Groton hurried to the house with a pitchfork, and mot the bear coming out of the house at the kitchen door. Instead of advancing, the farmer made tracks back to the barn, and his wile cut cross lots to a neighbor's. The bear in the mean time sauntered leisurely out to the road, and when last seen was on its way toward Mt. Patrick. It reached that place about sunset and was discovered in John Battenberg's backyard, looking that gentleman's pig pen over. Battenberg has a gun, and he took it down, pointed it at the bear, and ilred. The bear went away without showing any eign of having been hurt, and was not seen again until early September.

Farmer Janeway, who lives on the river flats, had a nice patch of watermelons. One afternoon he went out to pick what was left, when he asw the inquisitive Mt. Patrick bear, which had become famous in the neighborhood, sitting on its haunches in the watermelon gatch, with a big melon in one paw, while with the other he scraped the juicy pulp out and stuffed it als his mouth. The ground was littered with the remains of broken melons, showing that the bear had been making a wholesale feast. Farmer Janeway carried a revolver, and he dropped his melon and limped away across the fleid, disappearing in the bear in the paw, and he dropped his melon and limped away scross the fleid, disappearing in the poods.

As nearly two months

wounded for once, but when in less than two weeks he walked coolly into Mt. Patrick settlement again, and insisted once more in inspecting Locktender Shelly's shanty, it was plain that either the wounds had been very slight or that the bear was very tough. Once more the inquisitive bear was driven forth by the populace, and then the neighborhood of Zearing Swamp again became his stamping ground.

For weeks he kept the farmers in constant turned by his goings and his comings, now and then a pig and occasionally a sheep being missed after one of his visits. He was shot at more than a score of times and hit very frequently, but still his habitual curlosity and inquiring turn of mind could not be conquered. When snow came on the ground to the death of a foot or more, the dwellers about the region infested by the bear hoped and confidently expected that he would preserve the traditions of his kind and stow himself away somewhere until spring. But this bear evidently had too much business on hand to waste his time in hibernating, for up to last week he defied both snow and cold, and waded about on his tours of investigation without missing a day. Week before last he stole a pig at the Garby farm, and then for the first time a regular hunt was organized to run the shaggy offender down. He was seen, by no and waded about on his tours of invostigation without missing a day. Week before last he stole a pig at the Garby farm, and then for the first time a regular hunt was organized to run the shaggy offender down. He was seen by no less than seven men during the hunt, and shot at by each one, but got away. Then traps were set for him in the regulation way, but he wasn't curious enough to get caught up by any of them.

Last week William Vanstine made up his mind that he could rig up something that would tempt the bear's inquisitiveness and end his career. He took two double-barrelled shotguns and loaded all four of the barrels with buckshot. He went out to the edge of Zearing Swamp and placed the two guns side by side over a log. He cooked the guns and, tying strings to each trigger, arranged them so that if they were pulled the guns must be discharged, and they could only be pulled by something standing in front of the muzzles. He covered the guns carefully with sticks, after securing them firmly to the log. Then he fitted up a little masked battery near the muzzles of the guns in the shape of a beehive, over which he flung an old coat, to which was tied the ends of the strings that would discharge the guns the moment they were disturbed. Vanstine had noted enough of this queer old bear's actions to feet that if he ever came in sight of that odd-looking pile in front of the guns he would paw it and yank at it to satisfy his curiosity, and that would settle Mr. Bear.

Vanstine's genius was triumphant. On last Friday morning he went to take a sly look at

Vanstine's genius was triumphant. On last riday morning he went to take a sly look at is battery. It had been exploded, and in front if it lay the bear dead as a gatepost. The hole top of its head had been blown away by

whole top of its near the the four charges of buckshot. MR. CROWLEY GETTING UGLY.

He Tried to Throw and Bite his Keeper and to Losing his Playful Traits. "How do the two chimpanzees stand the winter's flaw?" asked the reporter of Superintendent Conklin.

"Go up by all means to see for sourself. The pair were moved into their new quarters shortly before Christmas, and can be seen now to great advantage."

The reporter went up stairs to the next floor. and, on knocking, was admitted to the place where the pride of the Park Commissioners was engaged in inspecting the thumb of his left foot, watched over by his attendant, Jacob Cook, who gives all the energies of his life to the training of these creatures. The room in which the cage has been placed is at the north end of the floor, but it was so admirably warmed and guarded from draughts that the temperature seemed that of a bright summer's day when not a breath of air is stirring. Mr. Crowley got up from the recumbent pose in which he had examined the thumb of his left foot, seated himself gravely, and stretched out a welcoming fore hand, which differed little from that of a human being save that the fingers were enormous and the thumb very

from that of a human being save that the fingers were enormous and the thumb very small, hardly a third the size of the thumb upon the foot.

"You must be careful, sir," said Mr. Cook. "He is getting to be less kind, and he tried to savage me the other day when I was superintending his broakfast. He had finished his rice and milk with his spoon, and wiped his mouth with a napkin, and nad left his chair and gone off with the napkin. I would not permit that, and ordered him to put the napkin on the table. He refused, and I gave him a cut with the little rawhide whip with which I discipline him. He put the napkin on the table, but gave a savage sort of grunt, and showed his teeth, which are getting pretty big, especially the side teeth. I ordered him to sit down in his chair, and he sulked and wouldn't obey, so I gave him a touch again with the discipline. He flew at me, twisted his legs round mine, and tried to throw me, while his arms were wound round my shoulders like iron bands, and he attempted to bite me on the breast. It was all I could do to thrust him off, but I succeeded and then made him sit down. Still. I cannot help knowing that his temper is beginning to alter."

His bride elect, Miss Jennie O'Brien, was in the other partition of the cage, and though she had a slight cough was veryhappy, and was practising somersaults which Mr. Cook had taught her. She was deeldedly ungraceful, and turned over with a ponderousness surprising in so small a creature. She is not half the size of Mr. Crowley, and by no means so intelligent or playful as he was at her are. She appoars desirous of being on good terms with her neighbor, but he does not care for her in the least. It was hoped that by association with another monkey of his own species it would be possible to prevent Mr. Crowley from developing the sullen ferocity and utter hatefulness of adult chimpanzees. He has been kept playful and kindly longer than any male chimpanzee in any menageric, and this fact emboidened the Park Commissioners to endeavor to tame h thoroughly. But it is to be feared from Mr. Cook's recent experience that Mr. Crowley will go the way of all adult males of the chimpanzee, ourang outang, and gorilla tribes, and become hopelessly fierce, retaining not one scintilla of the affectionate, intelligent traits he has shown ever since he came to Central Park.

A WILDCAT'S JUMP.

Thirty-three Feet at a Bound, from a Rest, and Capturing a Ph-neant.

MILFORD, Pa., Jan. 14 .- "Thirty feet at a bound is no uncommon jump for a wildcat," says Sheriff John W. Hoffman, one of Pike county's greatest woodsmen and hunters. "I have measured a wildcat's jump that showed a clear space of thirty-three feet between start and finish, and it was a standing jump at that: or, rather, it was a sitting jump, for the animal was crouching in the snow when it made the leap. I was hunting in the woods near Little Log Tayern Pond, and came on the track of this wildcat, which I followed a long distance in the snow. Suddenly the track ended in a spot where the animal had crouched. I looked around to see what had become of the trail, and two rods ahead of me saw a hunch of pheasaut's feathers where the snow had been scattered about, ers where the snow had been scattered about, and from that snot the track led on again. I understood at once that the wildcat had been hunting for his dinner and had discovered a pheasant wandering about in the snow. The cat crept to within two rods of the unsuspecting bird, and, that seing near enough to suit him, shot himself through the air and landed on too of the pheasant before the bird, as quick as pheasants are could get out of his way.

"The track and blood marks of the pheasant on the snow were so fresh that I thought I might overtake the wildcat before he got in the swamp, and get a chance to not a ball through the marauder. I hurried ahead on the trail, and found that I was closer to the wildcat than I had suspected, for I overtook him before he had devoured his prey. Not more than half of the pheasant, which was a magnificent old cock, had passed down the catamount's guillet. The other half never passed down. I sent a rifle ball through the wildcat's heart, and he made another big bound. That one was straight up in the air, and he fell back dead almost in his tracks. From the great length of the leap the animal had made when he captured his prey, I had expected to find him a young and healthy cat. I was, consequently, greatly surprised when I examined my game to discover that it was a very old wildcat, poor and lank, and almost toothiess. The animal's hunger had undoubtedly spurred him to the immense two-rod leap. If not, and the jump was an evidence of what a superannuated wildcat could naturally do, it wouldn't surprise me to know that a young and active catamount could clear a hundred feet at a bound with the greatest ease.

"I never knew wild cats and foxes to be so numerous in Pike county as they are this winter. Up in Diagman township, around where I live, catamounts are hunting in regular gangs. As long as they can find rabbits and pheasants they will be satisfied, and they are finding more of them than it, pleases me to know. There are soven deer wintering in a swamp not many miles from my and from that spot the track led on again. I understood at once that the wildcat had been

price on their heads now, as they never were so bold and impudent in their appearances about farm enclosures, when their scalps were worth a dollar aplece to their slayers, as they are this winter. There isn't much demand for their fur, and I can go out to-day within three miles of my house and get three or four foxes

easy snough. If word should come to-morrow that fox skins were in big der and at \$5 a skin. I'll bet I could hunt my whole balliwick over and not see the color of one fox's hair. The way the Pike county fox keeps posted on the game laws and the market quotations in pelts is most amazing."

MILE-WHITE AND DOUBLE-TOED. Mrs. Ripley's Peculiar Cats, Reported by a

Traveller in Vermont. RUTLAND, Vt., Jan. 14 .- A traveller who was snowbound the other day in the remote mountain hamlet of Ripton reports a new and peculiar home industry in that village. There being no public house in Ripton, he was obliged to find quarters at the pretty cottage home of Mrs. Ripley, who opens her house to transient boarders. As the gentleman entered her sitting room his attention was attracted to eleven milk-white double-toed cats that were lazily toasting themselves under and about the big.

glowing base burner.
"Oh, those are some of my cats," explained Mrs. Ripley, who had noticed her visitor's look of astonishment, "Ain't they beauties? But that mess is only part of them. There are as many more in other parts of the house."

Then the lady went on to tell how it came about that she went into the business of raising milk-white, double-toed cats. "All double-toed cats are very valuable, you know, and when a cat, besides being double-

toed, is also pure white, perfectly spotless, why he is a good deal more valuable than a cat that is only double-toed. People want them for pets, you see, and people in New York and ching curious about their pets—something to attract attention; and that is why double-toed cats first became fashionable. Of course, I knew this myself, and then it occurred to me that a milk-white cat with double toes would be a good deal more highly prized than one that was just simply double-toed and nothing else. The milk-white part of it is my idea, and so I began to raise double-toed whites for the market. But, oh my, the milk white ones are dreadfully hard to raise. They got sick over the least little thing; sometimes it is a cold, and they sneeze and mope round the house and then up and die; and sometimes they just get sick—you can't tell what's the matter with them—they lose their appetite and pine away, and then they up and die just the same. No, catnip don't seem to help them a bit; it's in their constitution, I think; they are delicate, you see.

"There," continued Mrs. Ripley, as she pointed to a big, snowy white, superbly marked animal that had got out from beneath the stoye and single that had got out from beneath the stoye and some that had got out from beneath the stoye and some that had got out from beneath the stoye and some that had got out from beneath the stoye and some that had got out from beneath the stoye and some than the stoye and the stoye a thing curious about their pets-something to

There, continued Mrs. Ripley, as she pointed to a big, snowy white, superbly marked animal that had got out from beneath the stove and was stretching itself, its many toes spreading in the act and revoaling sharp, white claws, that's the finest cat 1 have and the handsomest that I ever raised. I am raising it for Chicago lady by her special order, and I think it will suit her. Such a cat as that is worth from \$3 to \$5, and considering the care and risk of bringing up such a cat it is not any too much, either. The ordinary double-toed white cat is worth from \$1 to \$2 or \$2.50. I am rather new in the business yet, and it is too soon to say whether

worth from \$1 to \$2 or \$2.50. I am rather new in the business yet, and it is too soon to say whether it will pay or not; but it is a nice and quiet business, and I am very fond of pets, any way, so it deesn't matter so much. I think I shall be able to sell all I can raise to the dealers in pets in the cities, even if they are not disposed of directly to customers.

Mrs. Ripley's cats, although they are a pure white, from their long patrician smellers to the ends of their polite claws, have not the pink eyes of abinos; their eyes are of the usual tawny hue, or in some cases of a dreamy, aqueous color. She has as many canaries as cats. Her rooms are hung with cages, bevies of birds cluster on the perches of each cage, and her sitting room rings with their twittering, except when the cats are mewing; then they are very silent.

white, from their long patrician smellers to the ends of their points claws, have not the pink eyes of albinos; their eyes are of the usual tawny hue, or in some cases of a dreamy, aque ous color. She has as many canaries as cars, their come are hung with cages, bevies of bisch cluster on the perchase of each cage, and here cet when the cats are mewing; then they are very silent.

\*\*QUEER CONNECTICUT ANIMALS\*\*

A White Weasel, a White Weedchuck, and a White "Gray" Squirrel.

NORWICH, Jan. 14.—Connecticut yielded some curious animals to hunters and trappers the past season. Joel Arnold of Colchestration and the had never heard of but one other snowy white one. A Griswold sportsman shot a white woodchuck, and Alonzo Hill, taxiformist, of this city, has set it up. Many persons called to see it who had seen white sparkers white counts, but were skentical about white black birds, white qualla, white orbins, and white crows, but were skentical shout with two woodchucks. The woodchuck is as white black birds, white qualla, white robins, and white crows, but were skentical shout white woodchucks. The woodchuck is as white black birds, white qualla, white robins, and white crows, but were skentical shout white woodchucks. The woodchuck is as white black birds, white qualla, white robins, and white crows, but were skentical shout white woodchucks. The woodchuck is as white black birds, white qualla, white robins, and white crows, but were skentical shout white woodchucks. The woodchuck is as white black birds, white sparker white propers who were believes that he has the only specimen of the kind in the State.

In 1868 a Norwich sportsman killed a black birds with the distribution of the grader randition that its like a snowy plume. White red squirrels are more common.

It HOWLS AT NIGHT.

One of Barnum's Escaped Heasts Supposed to be alarming Norwich.

Norwich, Jan. 14.—A wild animal howling in the wild or the proposed who dwell thereabouts. No cone has seed to be alarming Norwich.

Norwich, Jan. 14.—A wild animal howli

people who dwell thereabouts. No one has seen the beast, but nearly every one has heard him howl at night. After nightfall he steals out of the almost impenetrable thickets of the Rock-well woods, whose skirts encroach upon the lighted streets, prowls through the gas-lit avenues, and has been as far as Broad street, in the centre of the city. Twice this week he visited at night the residence of Jeremiah Halsey, a noted civil lawyer of the State, on Broad street, and growled savagely. He killed a cat for Mr. Halsey on each visit. All the remains of the cats that the family have been able to find are the hind legs of one, and some toes that it is believed belonged to the other.

Local hunters cannot think of any wild beast that would pick a cat so clean, while the residents of that part of Norwich believe that the nocturnal visitor is Barnum's escaped wild animal, that has left the Hudson River for a Connecticut tour. Whatever it may be, it has caused consternation in this city. Club men go home at 6 o'clock at night now, and do not go down town after supper; servant girls have not asked for a night off for a week; boys and girls stay at home after dark, and the High Bock Gun Club, a company of local dead shots, whose grounds are in the shadow of the Rockwell woods, have not practised since the beast let himself loose. the centre of the city. Twice this week he vis-

The Fisher Cat.

From the Lancauer Intelligence.

In the window of Kepler's hardware store, North Queen street, may be seen, handsomely mounted, a very rare animal that was trapped by Mr. Kepler on the headwaters of the Kennebee River, Maine, during his fall hunt in that wild country. The animal is known to hunters as the black cat or fisher, but the names are misleading, as it does not at all resemble a cat, and it does not leed on fish. The scientists name it Mustela Fennant. It is very rare, and Mr. George Flick, taxidermist, who mounted it for Mr. Kepler, says it is the first specimen he has ever seen, and he believes it to be the first one ever in Lancaster.

The skin of the animal is highly prized by furriers, a single raw pelt bringing as high as it. The fur about the head, neck, and shoulders is dark gray. The back, hins, legs, and tail are jet black. The back hins, legs, and tail are jet black. The back fins, legs, and tail is sixteen inches long and very full and bushy, not unlike that of an angreat. It is a far more attractive creature than any other member of the weasel family, and is less known than any other of our mammalia. It is said by the hunters to prey upon the Canadian porcupine; to eat it, bristles and all, and digest them without inconvenience. Its other food consists of pine martins, squirrels, rabbits, and other small animals, and it is remarkably expert in catching them. Occasionally it feeds on fish. The range of this great weasel is from the Great Slave Lake and Labrador to the mountains of Virginia. From the Lancaster Intelligencer.

Auriforous Geese.

Laneshoro, Minn., Jan. 6.—A remarkable discovery was made by Patrick Casey of this place to-day. He lives near the river, and keeps a flock of geese. Killing one of the flock, a peculiar meral was found in its crop in small particles, inclined to be flaky. His curlosity led him to slaughter another goose, the crop of which contained about the same quantity of the same metal. About a teaspoonful was taken from the crops of two geese. The mineral was tested by a jeweller, who pronounced it gold. The geese are most of the time in the river, which is very shallow, or on the gravelly bank near a spring, about which is much gravel, the accumulation of ages.

Jamaica Ginger for Bestless Owls,

From the Boston Fost.

A rural friend of mine, who enjoys trifling A furni friend of mine, who enjoys triming with old superstitions, has a pair of ow's which he keeps on his plazza summer and winter, and enjoys the strange noises which they make at night; but instead of attributing them to weird influences, assumes that they are due to hunger or indigestion on the part of the birds of wisdom. At all events, he claims that by supplying the owis with raw most and Jamaica ginger they relapse into silesce for the night.

A CHAPTER ON GEESE.

STUPID BIRDS, BUT WITH MANY IN-TERESTING POINTS.

toy Don't Know Enough to Cry When They're Hurt-They Know When It's Going to Rain, Though-How an Expert Goes to Work to Pluck Live Gesse,

" No, the feathers ain't alive, but the geese

they were plucked from were," said a Bowery dealer in live geese feathers, in response to a SUN reporter's query. "And the geese they were plucked from never once squawked, or squeaked, or had a word to say during the operation, either," continued the tradesman. Not because it didn't hurt 'em, though, as any one who says it doesn't hurt a goose to yank the feathers by the handful out of the tenderest spots a goose has about its person might as well say that it don't hurt a man to have his whiskers extracted while he waits. I've heard folks say that geese rather enjoy being plucked, the sensation being to them something similar to the blissful feeling that overtakes a pig when you scratch his back. I don't go in for slang. but if any one ever tells you that, you will be excusable if you exclaim 'Rats!' in a very loud voice. It hurts a goose like the mischief to pull its feathers out, but the reason the goose don't holler and make a fuss is that it don't seem to know enough. A goose will squawk and clatter and cackle as if it was suffering more agony than a horse with the colle just at the sight of you, but if you corner it up and pelt it with stones it seems to forget that it has

"Everybody knows that a goose hasn't the slightest idea of its height, breadth, or depth. The statement that every goose that passes through an open barn door, no matter if the door is twenty feet high, ducks its head is as true as true can be. And, while a goose can't be made to believe that there is no danger to its head as it passes over the sill of a barn door, it is equally positive that it can creep through a two-inch auger hole or a knothole in a fence just as easy as it can go through the door, and with more safety to its person. I have laughed myself sore more times than once at the persistence of some old goose in trying to enter an enclosure through a hole in the fence hardly big enough for her to get her head through, while a gate big enough for a team of horses to pass through was wide open within three feet of the hole.

a voice, and will take all the punishment you

to study about a goose. Just get on to a flock

some day when you're out visiting on a farm.

give it without saying a word. There is much

"Maybe you have often noticed that some farmers keep geese year in and year out, let them have the run of the farm, and seem to show them all kinds of consideration, yet are always swearing that they are the biggest nulsance that it could be possible to have around. If you have noticed that peculiarity in the daily rounds of the husbandman, you have doubtless also wondered why in blazes the farmer kept such nulsances around his promises. I used to wonder why it was myself, but I never

over that part of New Jersey, and it caught tho last load of the oil man's hay in transit. After some to the proper of the control of the con